Were it not pitty that this goodly boy,
Should loſe his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, ſay vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happy euer was it for that ſonne,
VVhoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then may the preſent profite counteruaile.
Ah coſin Yorke, would thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pitty makes your followers faint.
You promiſd Knight-hood to your Princely ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and ſtraight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

North. VVhy that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fifty thouſand men,

Comes

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the Townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.

Clif. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. Good Father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet Father cry S. *George.*

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we will not moue.

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Queen. Gorate thy Minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heyre by his conſent.

George, Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King
(Though he do weare the Crowne)
Haue cauſd him by new acte of Parliament,
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.

Clif. And reaſon George:
Who ſhould ſucceede the father, but the ſon?

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any of your ſort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. VVhat ſaiſt thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you ſpeake?
VVhen you and I met at Saint Albons laſt,

Your